

CHAMBERS' EDINBURGH JOURNAL

CONDUCTED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS, EDITORS OF 'CHAMBERS'S INFORMATION FOR THE PEOPLE,' 'CHAMBERS'S EDUCATIONAL COURSE,' &c.

No. 164. NEW SERIES.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 20, 1847.

Price 1d.

A WORD ON LAND.

CERTAIN improvements made by Lord George Hill on his estate of Gweedore, in Donegal, were lately made the subject of an article, which, we understand, has given no little satisfaction to parties who entertain the idea that a proper system of land allotments is the one thing needful for Ireland, or any other country with a poor and redundant population. On the question of land allotments, the article pronounced no opinion, nor did it even allude to any such principle of rural arrangement. It presented only the interesting narrative of a nobleman having reclaimed a hitherto intractable peasantry from barbarous habits, and settled them in small allotments or farms on a formerly mismanaged estate. For this, as the best, if not the only thing which could be done in the circumstances, Lord George Hill, we said, deserves high praise. His conduct in every respect offers a bright example to Irish landowners generally, and we trust it will not be lost upon them.

Out of such proceedings, however, as those in which his lordship has been engaged, arise some grave considerations as to ulterior consequences, and on these we desire to speak frankly and emphatically. The allotment of small pieces of land—say one or two, or even four acres each—to be respectively farmed by annual or leasehold tenants, at a reasonable rent, is a great advance on a universal confusion of holdings, as was the case at Gweedore; and not being aware of what Lord George Hill proposes to do next, we cannot express a definite opinion as to the probable consequences of his generosity. There is no difficulty, however, in saying what may be expected if the arrangement be left to work in its original form. For a few years, the aspect of affairs will be greatly improved; but by and by the families of the settlers will increase in number, and remaining on the property, with or without subdivision of lands, there will ensue a condition of poverty and wretchedness which it may defy every available expedient to remedy.

Such must inevitably be the consequence of every scheme for allotting patches of land to poor agriculturists, unless at the same time provision be made for employing or carrying off to new fields of enterprise the redundancy of the population. After the long experience of the wretchedness produced by patch-farming in every part of the empire, Ireland in particular, it strikes us as something very remarkable that men should be seen advocating the institution of the practice on a wide scale, as a means of national prosperity. Fascinated by the seeming humanity of bestowing allotments upon paupers, and gratified by the first appearances of prosperity which probably ensue, they altogether forget what is to come next—overcrowded cottages, new pauperism, and a poor-rate which may pretty nearly absorb the whole rental of the parish.

Humanity is an amiable virtue, but humanity without consideration suggests and does some very foolish things. At this moment a scheme is on foot in England and Scotland for buying and giving an acre of land to every working-man who is a member of a certain association. In other words, a section of industrious and well-disposed operatives have, through the agency of some clap-trap humanity-man, been deluded into the fancy that each of them would be happy if he became the owner of a morsel of land—land situated, perhaps, hundreds of miles from the place of his ordinary occupation. We have no hesitation in denouncing this project as one of the greatest follies ever conceived. While Nature's laws work as they are doing, there cannot be a doubt that it will terminate in the loss and discomfiture of all concerned. Supposing, however, for the sake of argument, that each of the members of the association really does get his acre, has he fully reflected on the propriety of leaving his present employment, and beginning to a certain extent the business of agriculturist? also on the possibility of rearing a family on the proceeds? We earnestly wish that the members of the association in question would ponder on these things before it be too late. It may perhaps be alleged that the possession of a small piece of land in connexion with his cottage raises a working-man materially in his own respect, and that it affords healthful occupation at leisure hours. We agree with these propositions; but here, as in all other matters, it is desirable to calculate the balance of advantages and disadvantages.

In all cases in which a working-man has a reasonable assurance of permanent and properly remunerative employment in any particular place, it may be for his advantage in various ways to own a house and garden or small piece of land; but if he possess no assurance of this kind, and is exposed to the necessity of seeking employment in another district, it will be preferable to rent by the year at most what accommodations he requires. Instances of the advantage of small proprietorship are no doubt common; but so also are instances of a contrary nature. In many country towns and villages, a number of the inhabitants following handicraft employments possess small pieces of land, and also dwelling-houses; in Scotland, where they abound, they are termed *bonnet lairds*. Now, it is our conviction, from sundry examples which have fallen under our notice, that these inheritances are frequently injurious to families. Proud of their petty properties, proud of having a vote for members of parliament, proud of being *lairds*, they lead a poor struggling existence; yet, attached, nailed, as it were, to the spot, they cannot be induced to remove to places where they would be properly employed and remunerated. On one occasion, a laird of this sort, who was starving with his family on four shil-

lings a-week, which he realised as a handloom weaver, could not be persuaded to come to Edinburgh to be employed at fourteen shillings a-week, because by doing so he would have abdicated his dignity as a proprietor, and become only a plain operative. The heritable possession of dwelling-houses, or scraps of land, we repeat, may in many instances be injurious to working-men. It indisposes them for removal; fixes them to a spot; whereas, in order to make the most of their labour, which is their capital, they ought to hold themselves ready at the shortest notice to remove to places where the highest wages are to be obtained.

Our opinion regarding heritable property generally is, that it is better in the hands of persons who make a business of letting it, than in the possession of those who at once own and have to use it. Among the middle as well as the humbler classes, where there is little chance of any temptation or need for removal, the purchase of a house may be advantageous. In numberless instances, however, persons who buy or build dwelling-houses for their own use, get tired of them, or in time find them unsuitable, and are tormented till they get them off their hands. Unless, therefore, from particular circumstances, it is on the whole best to lease houses for private residence, leaving capitalists, by general competition, to provide the accommodation wanted.

With respect to land, it is, in the greater number of cases, also advisable to leave it in the ownership of persons who lease it to others as a means of livelihood. Thus, for example, if the annual rent of an acre of land be L.4, it will be greatly preferable for an agriculturist to pay L.400 for the use of a hundred acres, than to expend the sum of L.12,000 in buying the property. And why? Because in the one case he is binding up a great deal of capital, which might be of service in his own proper business of husbandry—besides putting an embargo upon his personal freedom; while, in the other, he would not only keep his capital to farm the land properly, but be so far at his ease, that at the end of a term of years he could remove to a larger farm, or, without loss, altogether relinquish the trade of an agriculturist.

Landowners are usually considered as a very rapacious set of persons. Our notion is, that, as a whole, they are considerably behind the age in point of economic knowledge—that they have allowed themselves to be far outstripped in the adaptation of means to ends by the manufacturing and commercial classes; but if by rapacity is meant the exaction of unwarrantably large rents, the term is certainly not applicable. In adventuring money in trade, it would be deemed a poor enterprise which did not return from ten to twenty per cent. of profit. Besides, money so risked may be turned over several times a-year. A tradesman, laying out L.100 in a speculation in January, may have a final return of L.200 before the end of December. The landowner has no such chance. In England, a freehold property in land may realise four per cent. per annum on the outlay; and in Scotland, it rarely returns above two and a-half per cent. What a miserable affair is this! A gentleman spends L.30,000 in buying an estate, and all he gets back yearly is L.1200 if in England, or L.750 if in Scotland. Why the return should be so much less in Scotland, can only be accounted for by the fact, that in that country a certain imaginary dignity and political weight is associated with territorial possessions, thus causing a competition which raises the value of land considerably beyond its fair commercial value. Assuming, however, that L.1000 or L.1200 is realised,

the return is only annual. By no process can an agriculturist take more than one crop per annum; and so neither can a landowner get more than a year's rent for a year's use of his property. While the manufacturer and merchant are daily planning extensions of their business, sometimes losing, but more frequently making large sums, in reward of their ingenuity and enterprise, the poor landed proprietor is left to pine on his meagre rental, or draw consolation only from the prescriptive fancy that he is the salt of the earth. A little consideration suffices to show that the landowner is a man more to be pitied than envied. His situation imposes on him a certain degree of state and ratio of expenditure, too apt to be beyond his means, and whatever goes wrong in the country, on him falls the principal blame. At present, the greater number of landed proprietors throughout the United Kingdom are in difficulties. Everything tends to prove that, as a class, they are not advancing; while it is equally clear that the manufacturing and commercial classes, from the circumstances adverted to, are already beginning to take the predominance in wealth and social importance. It is not difficult to see how this will end.

The proposition that land is held in trust by its owners for the general good of the nation, appears reasonable; for land is the source of food, and in the production of this article in due abundance every one is concerned. Partly, however, from ignorance, and partly from the effect of certain laws of inheritance, land has scarcely ever been under a rational system of tenure; that is open to free disposal and competition. Pride has been at the foundation of the mischief. In some countries, the inheritance of land belongs prescriptively to the eldest son of the deceased owner, to the exclusion of his other children; and in some cases, to make this principle of primogeniture doubly sure, the inheritance is destined, by deed of entail, to go in all time coming to the nearest male heir of the deceased. On this account, large properties are daily passing into the hands of elder sons, greatly to the injury of brothers and sisters; and, what is more painful, properties are going out of families altogether, leaving daughters pretty nearly destitute, and are seen passing into the hands of remote male heirs, who perhaps are in the enjoyment of handsome estates already. This entail system is more rigorous in Scotland than in England, and has greatly damaged the general and individual interest in land. Reducing the proprietor to the position of a life-renter, he is indifferent to improvements; and if otherwise disposed, he has not the means to execute any beneficial alterations on his property. Lately, in pity of these unfortunate proprietors, a law was passed empowering them to borrow money from the state to improve their lands. How humiliating the position! What would be thought of the state being asked to lend money to manufacturers to renovate their buildings and machinery? The universal and proper remark would be, that those who could not draw on private resources for such renovations, should sell their properties to men of greater wealth. The same remark, therefore, ought in propriety to be applied to those owners of lands who are destitute of means for their improvement. A law abolishing, or greatly modifying entails, would have been the reasonable plan of procedure.

Contemplating the evils which arise from a too rigorous law of primogeniture and entail, the people of other countries have gone to an opposite extreme, and instituted laws making it obligatory on the father of a family to leave his property in equal portions

to all his children. This is a tyranny and a folly as revolting to common sense as the most outrageous law of entail. A man, by successful industry, acquires means to purchase an estate, consisting of a hundred acres of land. He has five children, three of whom are well-behaved, and have afforded him much comfort; two are depraved, and act in defiance of all admonition. He would wish to divide his property into three, for the sake of the well-behaved; but this the law does not allow him to do. He dies, and the estate is parted into five equal portions. Each child has now twenty acres, and the same law again operates to subdivide. Suppose each to have five children, then each of these gets four acres. There are now twenty-five proprietors instead of one. But the subdivision does not stop; on it goes, generation after generation, till at length the whole land is cut up into paltry sections not the size of a cabbage garden.

Such is the process now going on at a rapid rate in France; and any one who wishes to have a comprehensive idea of its consequences, will find the subject amply treated in the lately issued number of the 'Quarterly Review.' The only modifying arrangement in that country consists in the father being allowed to leave by will a certain share of his property. If he has only one child, he can bequeath a half; if he has two children, he can will a third; and so on. But this has little practical efficacy, and as the father is not allowed to make a gift of his property during his life, he is, in fact, little better than a puppet in the hands of his family. Far better the most stern law of primogeniture than this grossly demoralising and impoverishing folly. It appears that, with a population of about thirty-five millions, France has upwards of eleven millions of landed proprietors, at least five millions of whom own no more than five acres each, and a vast number not more than one acre. It is calculated that five and a-half millions of these proprietors do not realise individually above £11, 10s. annually; and yet, with their families, they amount to twenty-seven millions of souls. Thus the great bulk of the population of France, with the name of proprietors in enjoyment or prospect, are in a condition allied to that of paupers. That even in this abject and precarious state they enjoy greater tranquillity and independence than their forefathers prior to the Revolution, may be acknowledged; but to compare them—a poor, bare-legged, wooden-shoed, half-clad, half-fed set of beings—with the artisans of Great Britain, would be manifestly absurd. Yet, as we have said, some people are actually so insane as to propose a subdivision of lands in these islands on a similar scale. In certain districts of France the morsels of land are so small, that some families own no more than a single ridge; and the consequence is, not only excessive poverty, but constant litigation as to the elucidation and settlement of rights. If this practice of subdivision remain unchecked by law, an agrarian convulsion, more fearful in its effects than the Revolution of 1793, will, in the course of another generation, inevitably ensue.

All things considered, we arrive at the following propositions respecting the tenure and management of land. First, that land, like every other commodity, ought to be at the free disposal of its proprietor, to sell it or bequeath it as he thinks proper—subject, of course, in the latter case, to making a reasonable provision for widow and children. Second, that land should be agriculturally managed in that form which would cause it to yield permanently the largest amount of produce at the smallest expenditure of means. If it can be shown, therefore, as we confidently believe it can, that

large farms, by an exact economical management, will give to the nation food in greater abundance, and at less cost, than small farms could propose to do, then large farms are in every respect the most suitable and commendable; and all excessive cutting up of properties ought to be deprecated, as a source of general impoverishment and disaster.

W. C.

THE SCULPTOR OF BRUGES.

ABOUT the middle of the sixteenth century, there was not an artist in the Netherlands whose fame had spread wider than that of Messer Andrea, the sculptor of Bruges. His father had come from Italy, and settled in Flanders, where he lived and struggled, an ardent and enthusiastic artist, whose genius cast just sufficient light to show him his own defects. This love of the beautiful was the sole inheritance he left his son. But Andrea's northern birth and education had, to a certain extent, qualified his Italian descent, so that to his father's ardent nature he added a steady perseverance, without which all the genius in the world is but as a meteor of a moment.

The branch of art that Andrea followed was wood-sculpture, in which, by his wonderful skill, he surpassed all his contemporaries. In our day, it is impossible, from the few relics that remain, to know the perfection to which our ancestors of the middle ages carried this beautiful style of art; when Gothic saints and Madonnas looked down from their niches in cathedrals, though the names of the unknown artists who carved these beautiful heads and graceful draperies were forgotten, even before the frail material in which they worked had lost its freshness.

The sculptor of Bruges was one of these now-forgotten artists; and yet an artist he was, in the highest sense of the word. He lived and moved among beautiful forms and ideas; they influenced his character, and refined his mind, yet did not make him unfit for association with the world. Riches and honour came with his fame, until he stood high in the regard of his fellow-citizens; and the son of the poor Italian student was at last deemed worthy to wed one who had long been the object of an almost hopeless love, a daughter of one of the highest families in Bruges. This union could not but be a happy one; and Andrea and his wife slowly advanced towards middle age, feeling that their present bliss had not belied the promise of their youth. Still, there were a few bitter drops in their cup: the husband and wife saw several of their children drop off one by one, until all that remained were two boys and a daughter—the lovely little fair-haired Gertrude, who was her father's darling. Nevertheless, these were sufficient to make the sculptor's home cheerful, and the lost brothers and sisters were hardly missed.

At the time when our story begins, Andrea had finished his latest work. It was a group of angels, carved in wood, to adorn the church of Bruges. The burghers crowded to gaze upon and admire the work of their fellow-citizen, of whom they were so justly proud. It was indeed a beautiful specimen of the ancient Gothic style, such as one meets with sometimes even now in old churches, where the hand of innovation has not reached. Three angels formed the group, one kneeling with raised eyes and humbly-folded hands, while the other's stretched-out arms were lifted upwards in rapturous adoration; and the third, looking down on the worshippers below, pointed towards heaven. The perfect beauty of expression, the grand, yet simple masses of drapery, falling in broad folds, which are the characteristics of this style, won universal praise. The artist stood by, in pleasure, not unmingled with honest pride, when many a hand shook his own in friendly congratulation, and many an eye, made humbler by rank and distance, looked at him admiringly.

In all the pleased assembly there was but one dissentient voice, and that was from a brother artist and rival of Andrea. Melchior Kunst was one of those dark and unquiet spirits who seem to cast a shadow wherever they go. He was a man of great talent, noble to look

at, and at times most fascinating in manner, and yet no one loved him. There appeared to be an atmosphere of gloom and distrust about him, which made his fellow-men shrink from him. Even now, all instinctively made way for him, and Melchior strode on until he stood opposite the group. He folded his arms, and looked at it fixedly from under his dark brows. Then he addressed the artist, who stood at a little distance.

'Doubtless you think this very fine, Messer Andrea!'

'It is not what I think of it, but the judgment which the world puts on my work, that is of consequence,' answered Andrea calmly.

'And you never saw this design before!'

'Certainly not; it is my own.'

'Indeed!' said Melchior with that quiet sneer which is so galling, sitting on his curved lips—the handsomest feature of his very handsome face. 'Indeed! And so you never go into another's studio, and copy limbs, and attitude, and design, as you have here stolen from me?'

'It is not true,' said Andrea, with difficulty restraining his passion.

'I tell you it is,' cried his opponent. 'Look, gentlemen, brother artists; look! this figure is mine—my own design; and here I execute my will upon what is my own!' and he drew a hatchet from under his cloak, and before the wonder-stricken spectators could interfere, he severed one of the upraised hands of the nearest figure.

Andrea was stung to the quick by this mutilation of his work; all his Italian blood was roused within him: with a sudden impulse he rushed upon Kunst with the fury of a tiger at bay. Those around interfered; but it was needless, for Andrea's well-constituted mind had already got the better of his momentary rage, and he stood pale, but self-possessed, gazing alternately at his adversary and at his own despoiled work.

'Melchior Kunst,' said he at last, 'you think you have done me a great injury; and so you have, but not an irreparable one. I will not revenge myself now, but you will be sorry for it some time.'

A loud laugh from Kunst made the sculptor once more clench his hands, while the bright-red mounted to his brow; but he said no more, and after Melchior's departure, he too left the hall with some friends, who were stricken dumb by this untoward event.

It was late in the evening when Andrea returned towards his own home. He walked slowly along by the side of the dark and gloomy canal, which the setting light of the young moon only made more solemn and fearful. Thick ivy-hung walls, even in the daytime, cast a heavy shadow on the water; and now it looked like some dark abyss, which no man could fathom. Here and there some pale solitary ray of moonlight pierced through the branches of the acacias that overhung the opposite side, seeming like a bright arrow flashing through the darkness.

Andrea's heart was very heavy. His triumph had ended in pain: disappointment not only at the injury done to his work, but at the unjust accusation of Melchior Kunst. Andrea knew how ready are the suspicions of the world when once aroused; and he fancied that already cold and doubtful eyes examined his group with less favour than heretofore. And besides, the sudden ebullition of anger to which he had been goaded left a weight behind, both bodily and mental; for with men of Andrea's gentle and not easily-roused temperament, such excitement ever causes a painful reaction.

The sculptor walked on quickly amidst the gathering darkness of the night, for the moon had now set. He fancied now and then that he heard stealthy footsteps at a distance behind him; and perhaps this made him unconsciously urge his pace. Andrea was no coward, but it was a lonely place by the water-side, and he was unarmed. Still, as the footsteps approached no nearer, he reproached himself for yielding to the delusion of an imagination heated by the events of the day. All at once Andrea heard distinctly a plunge in the water of some heavy body. His first idea was, that some unfortunate had thus ended his life and his miseries; but the sound was so distant, that he was uncertain. He retraced his steps; but

there was nothing to justify his previous thought. The canal flowed on, silent and dark as before: not a struggle, not a groan, not a cry rose up from its gloomy depths. It could have been only a heavy stone, which had fallen from the old dilapidated wall into the waters beneath. Andrea felt sure of this, and went on his way until he reached his home—a home where, since he left, danger and anxiety had entered.

Three days after this, two armed officers of justice made their appearance in the dwelling of the sculptor of Bruges. They came to take prisoner the master of the house, accused of the crime of murder. From the day of the contest in the hall, Melchior Kunst had never been seen until that morning, when his lifeless body had floated up from the bed of the canal into the very market-place, a fearful spectre among living men. Then one of the horror-stricken bystanders remembered that on the same night of their quarrel he had seen Messer Andrea pass by the way that led along the canal, and that not long after Melchior Kunst also followed. Another man, who lived near, had heard a plunge in the water, but thought it was only his own dog, who often at night swam across the canal. A third had met Messer Andrea beside the canal also, but had seen no other man. This was sufficient evidence to convict the unfortunate artist.

The officers found their prisoner alone. He was sitting with his head buried in his hands, and hardly moved at their entrance. One of them laid his hand on the sculptor's shoulder, and claimed him as a prisoner.

Andrea looked up with a face so listless, so vacant, so deadly pale, that the officer started, and unconsciously let go his hold.

'A prisoner!' said Andrea, without making an effort to move. 'What have I done? Who accuses me?'

The officer was a man of kindly nature, who had known Messer Andrea in former times. He gently and respectfully explained his errand; but had to repeat it several times before Andrea comprehended him. It seemed that some heavy cloud darkened his faculties. At last he understood the whole.

'So they accuse me of being a murderer—an assassin!' said he, rising, while a shiver ran through his frame. Then addressing the first officer, 'You were a good man once—follow me.' The other hesitated. 'You need not fear,' continued Andrea; 'I am unarmed—I have no thought of escaping from justice.'

The man followed his prisoner until they came to a darkened room; it was the chamber of death. On the bed lay the pale and shrouded form of a woman. Very beautiful she must have been, and her beauty had scarcely passed its maturity. No long illness had taken away the roundness of health from her face, so that even in death she looked lovely as a marble statue. The long dark lashes rested on her cheek, and a few locks of jet-black hair, escaping from the fillet that bound her head, gave a lifelike air to her repose. By her side lay an infant—a flower of an hour—whose little soul had come from Heaven at sunrise, and returned thither at sunset. They were the wife and child of Andrea.

The sculptor pointed to the dead. 'Look there,' he said, 'and say if I am likely to have revenged any trifling insult—if I am likely to have been a murderer!' His voice grew hoarse; he stretched his arms towards the body of his wife, and then fell to the earth in strong convulsions.

Andrea, during nearly the whole time that elapsed between his apprehension and trial, was dead to the consciousness of his misery. A low fever enfeebled all his senses, and reduced his outward form to the appearance of an old man. His friends—for he had still many—took both his sons to their charge. It was well they did, for the father seemed to have lost all remembrance even of their existence. When they visited him, he took not the least notice of them; so the children were at last wisely sent far away from the scene of disgrace and suffering. But with Gertrude the father would not part. She was a sweet little creature, the image of her mother in feature and expression, but her complexion resembled her father. Her eyes were of that deep violet hue which is seldom

seen beyond childhood—so dark, that a careless observer would call them black. Gertrude's hair was of that colour which the old masters often gave to heads of Christ and of the Virgin—a mingling of warm brown and reddish gold tints, which the uninitiated might call red, but which painters know to be the most beautiful of all shades. It gave to sweet Gertrude the appearance of an angel, for in the sunshine it looked like a coronet of golden light around her head. If ever human form seemed the visible embodiment of a perfect soul, it was this child's. We have lingered over the picture of her, partly because we love to think of beauty, and partly because such descriptions always give vividness to events that are long gone by.

The first evidence that Andrea gave of returning consciousness to things around him, was in recognising his little daughter, and calling her by her name. It was her mother's also; and perhaps that, aided by the strong resemblance, was a comfort to the widowed husband. He began to talk coherently, first with Gertrude, and then with others who came to see him; and by degrees his mind and body gathered strength, so that he was able to think of his defence against the terrible crime laid to his charge. This was a momentous thing, for the proofs were all against him, and Andrea could bring no evidence in his favour, save his own explanation of what had happened on his way homewards that fatal day, and the irreproachable character he had borne all his life.

At last the sculptor of Bruges was brought from his prison to the judgment-hall where he was to be tried. He seemed to himself like one risen from the grave, and indeed so he appeared to those about him. Andrea had been a strong, powerful, noble-looking man, but now all his flesh had shrunk away, and his height only made him appear more shadowy. Dark circles were round his eyes, and his face bore an unvaried sallow hue. Nevertheless, his mien was firm and composed; no one could look at him, and doubt for a moment his innocence. Andrea's little daughter stood by his side: one might have likened her to a flower growing close beside a tomb. Gertrude had become accustomed to the change in her father's looks, and the shocked and anxious gaze of all around struck her with alarm. She crept closer to him, never taking her eyes from his face.

The trial proceeded. All was against Andrea: even the words he had uttered before Melchior left the hall were brought in judgment against him: they had sounded like a threat. None that had known Andrea doubted in their own hearts that he was a guiltless man, but the circumstantial evidence was too strong to be gainsayed by the law. He was found guilty of the assassination of Melchior Kunst; and Andrea—the gentle, upright man, who had never lifted a hand against a fellow-creature, save in that one evil hour when he was driven to passion by Melchior Kunst—was removed from the hall of justice with the stain of murder on his name.

Condemnation was deferred for a short space, for the sake of the hitherto unsullied character of the criminal. In those days the hand of law was often tampered with, and never was it with greater show of justice than in this instance. Andrea's great talents, and the many friends who warmly protested how incapable he was of such a crime, interposed in his behalf. They succeeded in obtaining only a suspension of the sentence for a few months, that some chance might elicit the truth which so many doubted. But in the meantime the sculptor was ordered to execute some work of art to adorn the Palais de Justice at Bruges, where he had been tried. For this purpose he was brought from his cell, and confined in the hall which had witnessed his trial.

It was a large gloomy-looking chamber, so dimly lighted from without, that even at mid-day the dark shadows in the corners of the room looked like night. An immense hearth, on which lay a few fagots, was the only cheerful object, but even that light and warmth did not reach beyond the immediate vicinity of the fire. There was no furniture in the room, save one small table in the centre, a bench, and a straw couch in the gloomiest corner. It was a place in which one would instinctively shrink from

looking behind, and where the sound of one's own footsteps would sound hollow and full of dread, as if something fearful were following after us.

Andrea and his daughter heard the heavy door close, and they were alone in the hall. The little girl led her father to the bench beside the hearth, and then sat down at his feet, holding his hands fast in hers. She dared not look anywhere but at the bright fire and at her father's face; even the shadows that the flames cast on the ceiling made her start sometimes. Gertrude had been accustomed to a prison, for she had never left her father, except when taken home at night, to return next morning—but this place seemed gloomier than any before.

Andrea had no hope. His life had been free from any very heavy sorrows, and the first that came, so fearful as they were, overwhelmed him. His sole idea now was, to employ the short remnant of his life in executing some memorial of his talents to leave behind him, that, when time had removed the shadow from his fame, his children might have no reason to blush for their father. He returned again to his long-cherished occupation. For a while this gave him sensations almost amounting to pleasure. His step became lighter, and his countenance lost somewhat of the settled melancholy. He almost forgot his sorrows, his blighted name, his impending doom, in the exercise of his beloved art. He would cease from his work, look at the beautiful image which had risen to life under his hand, and murmur to himself, 'What man will say that the hand of an assassin has done this? that the brain which formed this idea of beauty could plan a murder!'

And by degrees the influence of his beautiful art in some measure soothed the mind of the sorrow-stricken man. His desolate prison became cheerful with the graceful forms which it contained, and Gertrude moved among the whole like a beautiful spirit. If ever the sculptor clung to hope and life, it was when he looked at his darling child, and at the more imperishable offspring of his genius.

At last Andrea's work drew nigh to a close: the sculpture was finished. Then it was that the enthusiasm which had sustained him faded away, and the artist's soul sank within him. He gave the last touches to his beautiful work—he knew he could do no more—and then went and sat in dumb stillness, in a stupor of grief and despair. Gertrude clung round him in affection, mingled with fear, but he did not speak to her or embrace her.

'Father, dear father, are you tired? Are you angry with your little girl?' and the child stood on tiptoe, trying to remove the hands which covered his face.

Andrea seemed hardly conscious of her presence, but repeated every now and then in a low tone, 'I have done my work—I have no hope—now let me die.'

The terrified child, who had been all along kept in ignorance of her father's doom, began to weep, but her tears were interrupted by the entrance of the magistrates of Bruges. They came to view the finished work of the artist. High as Andrea's reputation had been, they did not expect so beautiful a creation as that which now met their eyes. They looked upon it in silence, and then turned to the artist, who, wan and haggard, without a single ray of hope illuminating his pale features, stood behind his judges. One of them, an old man, was melted even to tears. Forgetting the dignity of office, the magistrate took hold of the criminal's hand and led him to a seat.

'You must not stand, Messer Andrea; you are not yet strong,' said he compassionately. 'Sit and rest while we examine your beautiful work.'

The sculptor obeyed without a word: he was passive as a child. Little Gertrude, who had shrunk away at the sight of strangers, came and stood silently behind her father, taking fast hold of his garments. The two magistrates inspected the sculpture, and could not restrain their admiration. The eye of the unfortunate artist brightened for a moment at their warm praise, but immediately his face returned to its accustomed melancholy.

'It is all in vain,' he answered; 'you cannot make men forget the past—you cannot take the shadow from the

name of my children—you cannot give their father life.'

The magistrates looked at one another, and the elder one spoke.

'There is hope still, Messer Andrea; have you courage to hear it!'

The artist started up, and raised his thin form to its full height. 'Tell me that I am proved innocent, and I will thank God and die.'

'We do not promise quite so much,' said one of the judges, wishing to temper Andrea's violent excitement.

'Only have hope. Many things have been discovered to-day,' continued the aged man whose kindness had first moved Andrea. 'Be calm now; to-morrow we may send you good news.'

The magistrates departed, leaving the poor prisoner with a wildly-throbbing heart, which he vainly endeavoured to still. All that day he sat with Gertrude in his arms, kissing her, fondling her, at times almost weeping over her. To all the questions of the wondering child he only answered, 'To-morrow, love; we may be free to-morrow.'

And when the attendants came to remove Gertrude for the night, he unclasped her arms from round his neck, with the promise that he too would go away with her to-morrow.

'Leave here to-morrow!' cried the happy child. 'Will you, too, leave this gloomy place to-morrow, and return no more!'

'God forbid I should return! No, my child, never more,' answered the father with a shudder.

'And shall we go out together—shall we go to our own home?' pursued Gertrude.

'Yes, dear child,' said Andrea, as he kissed her once more, and set her on the ground from his trembling arms, too weak for even so light a burthen. 'Yes, my Gertrude, I shall indeed go home to-morrow.'

He had spoken truth. Soon after daybreak next morning some officers entered the hall, bearing a release for the prisoner, whom the confession of a stranger had proved to be guiltless. Andrea was leaning on the table, his head resting on his arms, and his upturned face raised towards his work. But as they drew nearer, they saw that his countenance was meaningless, and that no life shone in his fixed and open eyes. The sculptor of Bruges was dead—his heart had broken with joy.*

THE ENGLISH IN INDIA.

ENGLISH society in India has latterly been undergoing numerous pleasing meliorations. While rapacity and sensuality have been disappearing, integrity and refinement have been correspondingly on the advance. Among other tokens of an improved taste, not the least conspicuous is the support given to a quarterly literary journal, the 'Calcutta Review'—an actual six-shilling review, in the English language, printed on the banks of the Hoogly! We wish to draw attention to this gratifying specimen of Anglo-Indian literature, as well as a few other points not undeserving of attention in England.

The Calcutta Review is an important work in itself, inasmuch as it frequently gathers into a single article the Indian information one would otherwise have to hunt for through a library; but it is likewise interesting from a circumstance not generally known in this country—namely, that some of its best articles are written by native contributors. This is a gigantic step taken by the Hindoo mind, and, considered in conjunction with the numerous periodicals now circulating in the national dialects, and edited by natives, is full of delightful hope. Our present business, however, is with the

Anglo-Indians. Hardly a single number of the Review has appeared without at least one article containing a contribution towards the social history of our countrymen in Hindoostan; and we persuade ourselves that we shall be able to collect from its pages, without much assistance from other sources, a pretty distinct idea of their actual position and character. With this general acknowledgment to the Calcutta Review, we shall proceed, without thinking it necessary to distinguish in detail the information we may owe to it, except when that is adopted in its own words.

In the earlier part of the Company's history, their servants were sent out to fight and sell for their masters, and scramble as well as they could for themselves. Instead of a salary capable of supporting them, they were allowed all sorts of dishonest advantages in trade over the natives; and the consequence was, that, generally speaking, they scorned the regular gains of their appointments, and took to tyranny and spoliation. The unsuccessful never returned to Europe at all, while the comparatively few who had enriched themselves by unfair traffic, or something worse, brought home their huge fortunes and bilious physiognomies, to serve as studies for the playwrights, storytellers, and caricaturists. When Mr Shore, afterwards Lord Teignmouth, arrived in India as a writer in 1769, his salary was eight rupees a-month; and he complains bitterly that, notwithstanding this short allowance, the commercial speculations of the government servants had been so much burthened with restrictions, as to make the privilege of hardly any use. He adds somewhat later, that when on a mission to Dacca, he might have made L.100,000 but for his scruples; and later still, he was offered by a native prince (as a bribe of course) five lacs of rupees and eight thousand gold mohurs. Shore accepted only a picture, having no ambition to swell the rank of the 'nabobs' in England. About the same time Mr Forbes's entire income at Madras, from salary and other sources, was L.65 a-year; and the consequence was, that the poor cadet was frequently obliged to go to bed soon after sunset for want of a candle!

'You may not believe me when I tell you,' writes Sir Thomas Munroe, 'that I never experienced hunger or thirst, fatigue or poverty, until I came to India; that since then, I have frequently met with the first three, and that the last has been my constant companion. If you wish for proofs, here they are—I was three years in India before I was master of any other pillow than a book or a cartridge pouch; my bed was a piece of canvas stretched on four cross-sticks, whose only ornament was the greatcoat that I brought from England, which, by a lucky invention, I turned into a blanket in the cold weather, by thrusting my legs into the sleeves, and drawing the skirts over my head. In this situation I lay, like Falstaff in the basket—hilt to point, and very comfortable, I assure you, all but my feet; for the tailor, not having foreseen the various uses to which this piece of dress might be applied, had cut the cloth so short, that I never could, with all my ingenuity, bring both ends under cover; whatever I gained by drawing up my legs, I lost by exposing my neck; and I generally chose rather to cool my heels than my head. . . . My dress has not been more splendid than my furniture. I have never been able to keep it all of a piece. It grows tattered in one quarter whilst I am establishing funds to repair it in another, and my coat is in danger of losing the sleeves, while I am pulling it off to try on a new waistcoat.' This was during the period of nabobship, when a novelist who wanted to

*The leading incidents of this story are strictly true. The works of Andrea may still be seen in the Palais de Justice at Bruges.

enrich his heroine suddenly, had nothing to do but to find her an uncle in India.

Besides a universal rapacity, there was a prevalent and odious looseness of manners which shocked the unsophisticated natives. 'Those who came hither,' says the Calcutta Review, 'were often desperate adventurers, whom England, in the emphatic language of the Scripture, had spued out; men who sought these golden sands of the East to repair their broken fortunes; to bury in oblivion a sullied name; or to wring, with lawless hand, from the weak and unsuspecting, wealth which they had not the character or the capacity to obtain by honest industry at home. They cheated, they gambled, they drank; they revelled in all kinds of debauchery; though associates in vice, linked together by a common bond of rapacity, they often pursued one another with desperate malice, and, few though they were in numbers, among them there was no unity, except a unity of crime.' The fullest scope was given for the misconduct of such persons by the corporate immorality of the early companies; and we may suppose what a paradise the country must have been, when we are informed by the Abbé Raynal that the English were the best of the Europeans in India!

It is no wonder that the returned nabobs were seized upon with avidity by the romancers and dramatists, and that no exception was made in favour of individuals from the reprobation or ridicule showered upon the class. One of these curiosities—General Smith—when he was appointed high-sheriff of Berkshire, called a county meeting for the sole purpose of proposing to the noblemen and gentlemen to sanction a road to be cut through their properties, in order to enable him to drive to his seat of Chilton Lodge without the necessity of passing through the paltry town of Hungerford. The same nabob, on going into a gaming-house in St James's, and finding no company, laid himself down to sleep on one of the sofas, telling the waiter to take care that he should not be disturbed, 'unless some fellow or other came in who had spirit enough to throw a main at hazard for three thousand guineas.' The fellow proved to be the dissipated Lord Littleton, who entered the room singing, with some of his congenial companions, and at once accepted the challenge. He continued his song throughout the game, which he won; and pocketing the money in the midst of shouts of laughter, bade the general good-night. But General Smith—who was the Sir Matthew Mite of Foote—was as profuse in deeds of generosity as of folly. He supported, for instance, the banking-house of the Drummonds, in an emergency in 1772, with a deposit of £150,000; and this for no other reason than that some of the partners had occasionally given him half-a-crown when he was a boy.

In 1780, the first Anglo-Indian newspaper was published at Calcutta. It was called 'Hicky's Gazette,' and was a mass of slander and iniquity of every kind; in return for which an attempt was made to assassinate the editor. Before the end of the century, however, a great change for the better had taken place. Drinking, gambling, and rioting went gradually out of fashion; and Lord Cornwallis left the country on the fair road to social as well as political improvement. 'A reformation highly commendable,' says Mr Tennant in 1798, 'has been effected, partly from necessity, but more by the example of a late governor-general, whose elevated rank and noble birth gave him in a great measure the guidance of fashion. Regular hours and sobriety of conduct became as decidedly the test of a man of fashion as they were formerly of irregularity. Thousands owe their lives, and many more their health, to this change, which had neither been reckoned on nor even foreseen by those who introduced it.' Respectably conducted journals were now published, the number of half-caste children was diminished, and by degrees Anglo-Indian society assumed much of the appearance we find at home.

But all this was neither the effect of magic nor the doing of Lord Cornwallis. Anglo-India is peopled from England, and educated in England; and generally speaking, the same change of manners must be observable there which goes on at home. The reign of George III. was the epoch of a social reform at home which gradually changed the entire character of the people; and India partook of necessity in the revolution. The Company, sharing themselves in the change as individuals, made their service more respectable and more regular, by increasing the wages of their servants, and diminishing at once their power and their temptation to plunder; and thus an entirely new form was given to the personnel of their establishments. Formerly, the daring, the dissipated, the worthless members of a family were cast off to India—'whistled down the wind to prey at fortune'; but now that it had become a field of regular industry and honourable ambition, respectable men looked to the service as offering an eligible provision for the cleverest of their sons. Such men as these lads turned out were not fitted for the matrimonial prey of adventuresses; and accordingly, the ladies-errant were seen returning in great numbers from their land of promise. A new set of wives were now provided for the Anglo-Indians. As morality advanced, and the numbers of half-caste children began to dwindle; and, more than all, as the officers, civil and military, became worth a tolerable sum *living or dead*, the legitimate daughters of residents returned to India after their English education had been completed, and married and settled under the eye of their parents. Gradually, therefore, and naturally, the once jarring elements of society subsided into their present form. Occasionally a merchant comes back, with an ample fortune made by legitimate trade; and every day numbers of civil and military officers make their reappearance, with a provision, more or less comfortable or handsome, for life. But nabobs are among the things that were. A returned Indian is simply an English gentleman who has passed much of his time abroad; and we should wonder at his intimate acquaintance with things and persons at home, if we did not know that the increasing facilities and diminished charges of travelling had permitted him to keep up, by an occasional visit, his old associations. As for his wife and daughters, they have no difficulty in gliding back into the English tastes the Calcutta reviewer would persuade us they once abandoned; and we question whether it would be possible to distinguish, at a soiree, a fair Anglo-Indian from the rest of her countrywomen.

Fifty years ago, M. de Grandpré declared Calcutta to be 'not only the handsomest town in Asia, but one of the finest cities in the world;' and since then, it has obtained the title, by which it is popularly known, of City of Palaces. This is not derived from its public buildings, though these are both numerous and handsome, but from the private dwellings of the 'servants' of its merchant-princes. These dwellings have an extensive frontage, and abundance of pillars and porticoes; and their white colour, seen through a hot and cloudless atmosphere, dazzles the eyes. Their rooms are usually large and lofty, opening *en suite*, and they are supplied with glass windows and Venetian doors. They are full of European furniture, the walls glittering with paintings, the floors covered with carpets, and the doors and windows hung with curtains. Plate, glass, porcelain, bronzes, papier maché, alabaster, lamps, lustres and chandeliers—everything, in short, that taste and wealth could desire, is abundant in these luxurious abodes, where the inhabitants voluntarily broil themselves with the comforts of Europe under the tropic of Cancer.

In the article of female dress, there is usually seen in Calcutta a not less costly style of fashion. 'The immense investments of rich satins and gorgeous velvets—the latter rarely sold at less than a guinea a yard—which pass into the hands of consumers every cold weather, is altogether incommensurate with the number of ladies whose means and position would, in

English society, entitle them to the use of such costly attire.' Notwithstanding this, we are informed that there is no such thing as distress to be found in this brilliant and imprudent community. Formerly, according to Mr Forbes, when an officer of respectability, whether civil or military, died, a subscription was immediately set on foot for the widow and children, which was not only always liberal, but not unfrequently conferred on the parties a degree of permanent affluence greater than the prospects from which death had excluded them. At present, the reviewer tells us, such subscriptions are not known—simply because they are not wanted. The funds for the retirement of officers, and the maintenance of widows and children, together with the almost universal custom of life-insurance, do everything that before was accomplished through the painful means of charity. A young civilian is said, in the matrimonial market, to be worth £300 a-year, *dead or alive*, and a young military officer worth £100 a-year. Yet private benevolence is still active, not in occasional, and perhaps ostentatious donations, but in the regular support of hospitals, infirmaries, and other institutions; while the extra funds of the Anglo-Indians are likewise freely bestowed in the patronage of the arts and sciences, unknown to their predecessors of even the last generation.

The mode of spending a day in India has been frequently described, but, as regards the present time, very erroneously. Formerly, the case was different. The number of English was small, and the habits of society, therefore, uniform. Up to a certain date we are able to note, with tolerable accuracy, their mode of passing the time; but they now form a large, variously-constituted, and widely-dispersed community, and the same social differences are observed among them as we find at home. Early rising, however, is the general rule; many men being habitually on horseback before the sun is up. Breakfast is taken at all hours—from sunrise till eleven; and it varies from a cup of tea and a slice of dry toast, to a repast of rice, eggs, fish, cold meat, fruits, and preserves. From breakfast to five or six o'clock, the men of business, civil or military, toil in their sultry offices; while with others, and especially many of the female part of the community, the day is divided by tiffin—the substantial Indian lunch. Before tiffin is the time for paying and receiving morning visits; after that, a lady is her own mistress till her husband returns from business, and takes her out for a drive, or accompanies her carriage on horseback; or, wearied, vexed, and dispirited with the cares of the world, sends her forth to 'eat the air' alone. As for the *siesta* between tiffin and the drive, that has gone a good deal out of fashion. Men of business can no longer afford the time; and it has been discovered that sleeping in the daytime is merely an indolent habit, and not an indispensable of the climate.

The evening drive is the grand show of Calcutta. Hyde Park in full season is nothing to it. 'No sooner does the setting sun tinge the western horizon, than all the English residents in Calcutta throw open their doors and windows, make a hasty toilet, and sallies forth, in carriage or on horseback, to enjoy the evening air. Before the sun has disappeared behind the western bank of the river, the strand is crowded with vehicles of every description—a concourse as dense as that which may be seen on the Epsom Road during the race-week, with even more entanglements and embarrassments, for there is a stream setting both ways. One marvels who all these people are that own these hundreds of carriages. The first impression made upon the mind of the stranger is, that there must be an enormous number of wealthy inhabitants in Calcutta. But the equipage is, in reality, no sort of index to the worldly possessions of the owner. It may let you, perhaps, into the secret of a man's vanity, certainly not of his income. Some of the most pretending equipages on the course are sported by people belonging to the second class of society—uncovenanted government servants, petty East

Indian or European traders—respectable personages enough in their way, and, peradventure, not much given to show; but the wife and the daughters must have their britska or barouche, though they do pinch a little at home to maintain it; and on the course at least, the wife of the uncovenanted subordinate may jostle the lady of the head of the office. When we consider how much is often sacrificed to support the dignity of the carriage and pair—how much substantial comfort is thrown aside to make room for this little bit of ostentation—that the equipage is with many the thing from which they derive much of their importance—we soon cease to wonder at the formidable array of assuming conveyances which throng the course every evening at sunset, and present a scene which, as one of daily recurrence, has not perhaps its parallel in the world.'

On the return from the drive, a late dinner winds up the day; at which the patriotic guests, with carpets beneath them, and curtains around them, determine to be European all over, and stew themselves in broad cloth! Formerly, white jackets were tolerated, and white trousers fashionable; but now, the greater the dinner or the ball, and the more stifling the crowd, the more indispensable is it for the English in India to dispense with everything adapted to the place and climate, and cover their persons with garments similar to those worn by the English at home.

Much of the improvement of manners and morals which has taken place within the last fifty years in India is owing, as has been said, to corresponding improvements at home, but something is also due to the influence of the press. A growing indulgence in the respectable literature of England is one of the most obvious engines of social advancement. 'We have more leisure in Calcutta for reading,' says a recent Anglo-Indian writer, 'than the majority of people in England who work for their daily bread. We are seldom called upon to consider the relative advantages of a new book and a country ride. We are so little out of doors, that books constitute our principal source of recreation; and new books are as plentiful in Calcutta—I speak of course with regard to the demands of the community—as they are in any town of England. Then there are our newspapers. Why, no man could possibly read them attentively, without making a tolerable acquaintance with the literature and science of the western world in all their rapidly-progressive stages.' But this is not the case in the capitals of the presidencies alone; for the remotest station has its book-club, furnished either from these cities, or from London direct; and there is hardly a regiment or detachment, either in cantonments or on the march, which is not provided with its library, and regularly supplied with newspapers and periodicals. 'Recently, indeed,' says the Calcutta Review, 'everything has been in our favour; and not the least of the many favourable circumstances which have tended towards the advancement of European literature in India, resides in the cheapness and portability of many works now issuing from the London press. Though we are now in the enjoyment of improved means of internal communication throughout the country, there are still many parts of India in which no great facilities for the conveyance of heavy parcels exist; and such conveyance, even under most favourable circumstances, is always attended with considerable expense. The treasures of regimental book-clubs are seldom overflowing; and there are not many private individuals who can set aside any very large sums for the purchase and the carriage of new books. India is therefore especially beholden to those enterprising publishers who have undertaken to reduce both the price and the bulk of the works they put in circulation.'

All this is so far good, but as we presume that Britain retains India as much for the benefit of the native races as for that of the mercantile and military classes of England, we hope the Calcutta reviewer will soon be able to give us an account of what is doing to elevate and improve that enormous native population of India

by the establishment of schools and otherwise. Until this is done, and done thoroughly, we shall view Hindoostan only in the light of an encampment—a country kept and domineered over only for the sake of plunder, all pretensions to the contrary notwithstanding.

HOWITT'S HOMES AND HAUNTS OF THE POETS.*

MR Howitt, with good literary powers in himself, has that feeling for literature and literary men which seems necessary to one who would describe in a fitting manner the homes and haunts of the poets. He has accordingly produced out of this subject one of those works, lighter than history, graver than fiction, half-informing, half-emotional, which are now becoming the predominant books of the day. It is a beautifully-prepared book, with excellent wood-engravings, and some of those external elegancies which mark the Christmas publications. Like every other work of its author, it contains some free enunciations of opinion, which are apt to go gratefully over certain consciences; it is also not free from errors in small matters of fact; but, apart from these drawbacks—and what book can be wholly free from them?—we consider it as a most pleasant visitant, whether for the season, or 'for a permanency.'

There are about forty poets noticed, three-fourths of whom are men of the last or present age. The selection is not wholly with a regard to the distinction of individuals, but partly with reference to the accident of there being something interesting to say about their homes or haunts. There is also much biographical and critical matter, the former necessarily not new. Geographical considerations have evidently been no obstruction to Mr Howitt. He has gone north to Deeside for the scenes of Byron's boyhood, and into the wilds of Ireland for the residences of Spencer and Goldsmith. On many occasions he seems to have travelled as a pedestrian with a knapsack, in quest of the places he required to visit. He mingled freely with the people on all occasions; drew from them their traditional reminiscences, and listened to their remarks, of which he has made liberal use in his book. It occurs to us—largely experienced in the same kind of adventures—that Mr Howitt was at times unreasonable in expecting information from a humble class of people, and expresses a needless impatience under the disappointments he met with. The best intelligence about a person or an event is not always to be got exactly at the spot where the one lived or the other took place.

There is, nevertheless, some value in what Mr Howitt sets down with regard to those living near the homes of the poets. The general result is, that the common people are either grossly ignorant of the names and characters of the bright spirits which lived amongst them, or else have regarded them with prejudice. We are told, for example, of Wordsworth, Coleridge, and one or two other young literary men living harmlessly in studious retirement at Allfoxden, and being so much persecuted by the gross suspicions of their neighbours, as to be at last obliged to leave the place. Mr Howitt went down to Marlowe, to inquire after the residence of Shelley in that town, and had considerable difficulty in learning anything about the object of his inquiries; in this case it was not the humbler class of people alone who showed ignorance. We give some of his adventures in his own words.

* It was in vain that I inquired amongst the class of

little gentry in the place for information about Shelley: they knew nothing of any such person. At length, after much research, and the running to and fro of waiters from the inn, I was directed to an ancient surgeon who had attended almost everybody for the last half century. I found him an old man of nearly ninety. He recollected Shelley; had attended him, but knew little about him. He was a very unsocial man, he said; kept no company but Mr Peacock's, and that of his boat, and was never seen in the town but he had a book in his hand, and was reading as he went along. The old gentleman, however, kindly sent his servant to point out Shelley's house to me; and as I returned up the street, I saw him standing bareheaded on the pavement before his door, in active discourse with various neighbours. My inquiries had evidently aroused the Marlowean curiosity. On coming up, the old gentleman inquired eagerly if I wanted to learn more yet about Mr Shelley? I had learned little or nothing. I replied that I should be very happy. "Then," said he, "come in, sir, for I have sent for a gentleman who knows all about him." I entered, and found a tall, well-dressed man, with a very solemn aspect. "It is the squire of the place," said I to myself. With a very solemn bow he arose, and with very solemn bows we sat down opposite to each other. "I am happy to hear," I said, "that you knew Mr Shelley, and can give me some particulars regarding his residence here." "I can, sir," he replied with another solemn bow. I waited to hear news; but I waited in vain. That Mr Shelley had lived there, and that he had long left there, and that his house was down the street, and that he was a very extraordinary man, he knew, and I knew; but that was all: not a word of his doings or his sayings at Marlowe came out of the solemn brain of that large solemn man. But at length a degree of interest appeared to gather in his cheeks and brighten in his eyes. "Thank God!" I exclaimed inwardly; "the man is slow, but it is coming now." His mouth opened, and he said, "But pray, sir, what became of that Mr Shelley?"

"Good gracious!" I exclaimed. "What! did you never hear? Did it never reach Marlowe—but thirty miles from London—that sad story of his death, which created a sensation throughout the civilised world?" No; the thing had never penetrated into the Boeotian denseness of that place! I rose up, and now bowed solemnly too. "And pray what family might he leave?" asked the solemn personage, as I was hastening away. "You will learn that," I said, still going away, "in the Baronetage, if such a book ever reaches Marlowe."

"I hastened to the inn where my chaise was standing ready for my departure, and was just in the act of entering it, when I heard a sort of outcry, perceived a sort of bustle behind me, and turning my head, saw the tall and solemn man hastening with huge and anxious strides after me.

"You'll excuse me, sir; you'll excuse me, I think; but I could relate to you a fact, and I think I will venture to relate to you a fact, connected with the late Mr Shelley." "Do," said I. "I think I will," replied the tall stout man, heaving a deep sigh, and erecting himself to his full height, far above my head, and casting a most awful glance at the sky. "I think I will—I think I may venture." "It is certainly something very sad and agonising," I said to myself; "but I wish he would only bring it out." "Well, then," continued he, with another heave of his capacious chest, and another great glance at the distant horizon, "I certainly will mention it. It was this. When Mr Shelley left Marlowe, he ordered all his bills to be paid most honourably, certainly most honourably; and they were all paid—all—except—mine! There, sir! it is out; excuse it—excuse it; but I am glad it is out."

"What!—a bill?" I exclaimed in profoundest astonishment. "A bill! Was that all?"

"All, sir—all! Everything of the sort: every shilling, I assure you, has been paid but my little account, and

it was my fault: I don't know how in the world I forgot to send it in."

"What!" said I; "are you not the squire here? What are you?"

"Oh, Lord! no, sir! I am no squire here. I am a tradesman! I am—in the general way!"

"Drive on!" I said, springing into the carriage; "drive like the Dragon of Wantley out of this place—Shelley is remembered in Marlowe because there was one bill left unpaid!"

Perhaps there are reasons for this ignorance beyond what Mr Howitt thinks of. We shall say what occurs to us on the subject after quoting what will generally be felt as an interesting contrast—Mr Howitt's conversation with a poor elderly working-man, whom he fell in with on a Sunday forenoon, while walking from Ayr to the Burns scenery on Doonside. Our author having made an inquiry as to which of two ways led to Burns's monument, the face of his fellow-stroller kindled with an instant animation. "I am going part of the way, sir," he said, "and will be proud to show it you." I begged him not to put himself at all out of his way. "Oh," said he, "I am going to look at my potato plot, which lies out here." We fell into conversation about Burns: the way again showed a fresh branch—that was the way to his potato field; but the poor fellow gave a hesitating look; he could not find in his heart to give up talking about Burns, and begged that I would do him the honour to allow him to walk on with me. "But your potatoes, my friend?" "Oh, they'll tak no harm, sir: the weather's very growing weather. One feels a natural curiosity to see how they thrive, but that will do next Sunday, if you would allow me to go on with you?"

"I assured him that nothing would give me greater pleasure. I only feared that I might keep him out too long, for I must see all about Burns's birthplace, Kirk Alloway, the Brig of Doon, the monument, and everything of the kind. It was now about noon, and must be his dinner hour. He said "No; he never had dinner on a Sunday; for years he had accustomed himself to only two meals on that day, because he earned nothing on it, and had ten children! But he generally took a walk out into the country, and got a good mouthful of fresh air, and that did him a deal of good."

"I looked more closely at my new companion. He was apparently sixty, and looked like a man accustomed to dine on air. He was of a slight and grasshopper build; his face was thin and pale; his hair grizzled; yet there was an intelligence in his large gray eyes, but it was a sad intelligence—one which had long kept fellowship with patience and suffering. His gray coat, and hat well worn, and his clean but coarse shirt-collar turned down over a narrow band of a blue cotton neckerchief, with its long ends dangling over his waistcoat, all denoted a poor, but a careful and superior man. I cannot tell what a feeling of sympathy came over me, how my heart warmed towards the poor fellow. We went on. Gay groups of people met us, and seemed to cast looks of wonder at the stranger and his poor associate; but I asked myself whether, if we could know, as God knows, the hearts and merits of every individual of those well-dressed and laughing walkers, we should find amongst them one so heroic as to renounce his Sunday dinner, as a perpetual practice, because he "earned nothing on that day, and had ten children."

Was there a man or a woman amongst them who, if they knew this heroic man, as I now knew him, would not desire to give him, for that one day at least, a good dinner, and as much pleasure as they could?

"My friend," said I, "I fear you have had more than your share of hardship in this life?"

"Nay," he replied, he could not say that. He had had to work hard, but what poor man had not? But he had had many comforts; and the greatest comfort in life had been, that all his children had taken good ways; "if I don't except," and the old man sighed, "one lad who has gone for a soldier; and I think it a

little ungrateful that he has never written to us since he went, three years ago. Yet I hear that he is alive and well in Jamaica. I cannot but think that rather ungrateful," he added; "but of a Robin Burns's poems, there's none, to my thinking, that comes up to that one—'Man was made to mourn.'"

"I could not help again glancing at the thin pale figure which went as softly at my side as if it were a ghost, and could not wonder that Burns was the idol of the poor throughout Scotland, and that the Sunday wanderer of his native place had clung so fondly to the southern visitor of the same sacred spot.

"Can you explain to me," I asked, "what it is that makes Burns such a favourite with you all in Scotland? Other poets you have, and great ones. Out of the same class, too, you had Hogg, but I do not perceive the same instant flash, as it were, of an electric feeling when any name is named but that of Burns."

"I can tell," said he, "why it is. It is because he had the heart of a man in him. He was all heart and all man; and there's nothing, at least in a poor man's experience, either bitter or sweet, which can happen to him, but a line of Burns springs into his mouth, and gives him courage and comfort if he needs it. It is like a second Bible."

"I was struck with the admirable criticism of the poor artisan. What acuteness of genius is like the acuteness of a sharp experience after all?"

With one remark on Mr Howitt's friend, that he was but a type of a whole genus of toiling, self-denying poor in our land—too often laughed at as over-cautious and frugal, when they are only just and independent—we pass on to say that one cause of the difference between Marlowe and Ayr may be in what Mr Howitt himself unconsciously suggests—that such writings as those of Shelley have not that adaptation to common feelings and common necessities and sorrows which belongs to those of Burns. Burns was, in fact, one of a thousand among the poets, in the fact of his having written *for the people*. It is not, therefore, wonderful to find the remainder of the thousand comparatively little known.

Mr Howitt has been at unusual pains with the localities of poor Goldsmith, notwithstanding that Mr Prior, his biographer, has gone over and described everything most carefully. The *Auburn* of the 'Deserted Village' is the hamlet of Lissoy, near Kilkenny West; yet not exactly so, for the poet, to give his poem greater currency, adopted many traits of the villages of England into his description of an Irish hamlet. The place really had been depopulated and rooted out, as happens with villages every day in Ireland; but the celebrity of the poem afterwards caused a Mr Hogan to re-erect it in part, including the public-house, which is perhaps the most *English* article in the whole description. Mr Hogan 'rebuilt the public-house, on the spot where tradition placed the old one, with the traditional thorn in front. He gave it the sign of "The Jolly Pigeons;" he supplied it with new copies of "The Twelve Good Rules," and "The Royal Game of Goose;" he went even to the length of the ludicrous in his zeal for an accurate *fac-simile* of the genuine house—and

"Broken tea-cups, wisely kept for show,
Ranged o'er the chimney, glistened in a row."

These, to perpetuate them, were fast imbedded in the mortar; but in vain. Relic-hunters knocked them out, fictitious as they were, and carried them off as genuine. The very sign did not escape this relic mania. It is no longer to be seen; nor, I suppose, were a new one to be set up, would it long remain. The new "Twelve Good Rules," and new "Royal Game of Goose," have gone the same way; and there is no question that a brave trade in such things might be carried on with what Goldsmith calls "the large family of fools," if a supply were kept here. The very thorn before the door has been cut down piecemeal, and carried off to all quarters of the world. The house is wholly unlike the proto-

type in the poem. "The 'Jolly Pigeons' is just a regular Irish alehouse, or rather whisky-shop. On going in, you look in vain for the picture Goldsmith has so beautifully drawn. The varnished clock clicking behind the door, the pictures placed for ornament and use, the twelve good rules, the royal game of goose, where are they? Not there, but in many an old-fashioned hamlet of England. The mud-floor, the dirty walls, the smell of whisky, these are what meet you. You look for the "parlour splendours," and on your left hand there is, for a wonder, a separate room; but it is, as usual, filled with the candles, the herrings, the bread of the Irish alehouse; and the whisky is doled out over the suspicious counter, instead of the nut-brown ale being brought in the generous foaming cup to the bright clean fireside by the neat and blooming maid."

After some remarks on the still continued practice of depopulation, Mr Howitt thus proceeds:—"Under all these circumstances, Auburn or Lissoy, which you will, will always be visited with enthusiasm by the genuine lovers of purest poetry and of kindly humanity. The visitor will not find all there that he naturally looks for. He will not find the country very beautiful, or the mill, the brook, the alehouse, as rural and picturesque as he could wish; but he will find the very ground on which Oliver Goldsmith ran in the happy days of his boyhood, the ruins of the house in which that model of a village preacher—simple, pious, and warm-hearted, justly, indeed, dear to all the country—lived, the father of the poet; the ruins of the house in which the poet himself spent a happy childhood, cherishing under such a parent one of the noblest spirits which ever glowed for truth and humanity—fearing no ridicule, contracting no worldliness; never abating, spite of harsh experience and repeated imposition, one throb of pity or of generous sympathy for the wretched. . . . Every circumstance connected with the "Deserted Village" of such a man will always be deeply interesting to the visitor of the spot, and we must, for that reason, notice one or two facts of the kind before quitting Lissoy. Mr Best, an Irish clergyman, met by Mr Davies in his travels in the United States, said, "The name of the schoolmaster was Paddy Burns. I remember him well. He was indeed a man severe to view. A woman called Walsey Cruse kept the alehouse. I have often been in the house. The hawthorn bush was remarkably large, and stood opposite the house. I was once riding with Brady, titular bishop of Ardagh, when he observed to me—'Ma foy, Best, this huge overgrown bush is mightily in the way: I will order it to be cut down!' 'What, sir?' said I, 'cut down Goldsmith's hawthorn bush, that supplies so beautiful an image in the Deserted Village!' 'Ma foy!' exclaimed the bishop, 'is that the hawthorn bush? Then ever let it be sacred from the edge of the axe, and evil to him that would cut from it a branch!'"

"In other places the schoolmaster is called, not Paddy Burns, but Thomas Byrne, evidently the same person. He had been educated for school teaching, but had gone into the army, and serving in Spain during the reign of Queen Anne, became quartermaster of the regiment. On the return of peace he took up his original calling. He is represented to be well qualified to teach; little more than writing, reading, and arithmetic were wanted, but he could translate extemporaneously Virgil's Eclogues into Irish verse in considerable elegance. But his grand accomplishment was the narration of his adventures, which was commonly exercised in the alehouse; at the same time that, when not in a particular humour for teaching, he would edify his boys in the school with one of his stories. Amongst his most eager listeners was Oliver, who was so much excited by what he heard, that his friends used to ascribe his own love of rambling to this cause. The schoolmaster was, in fact, the very man to raise the imagination in the young poet. He was eccentric in his habits, of a romantic turn, wrote poetry, was well-versed in the fairy superstitions of the country, and, what is not less common in Ireland, believed implicitly in their truth.

"A poor woman named Catherine Geraghty was supposed to be

—— "Yon widowed, solitary thing,
That feebly bends beside the plashy spring:
She, wretched matron, pressed in age for bread,
To strip the brook with mantling cresses spread."

The brook and ditches near where her cabin stood still furnish cresses, and several of her descendants reside in the neighbourhood. The school-house is still pointed out; but it is unfortunate for its identity that no school-house was built then, school being taught in the master's cottage. There is more evidence in nature of the poet's recalling the place of his boyhood as he wrote his poem. The waters and marshy lands, in more than one direction, gave him acquaintance with the singular bird which he has introduced with such effect, as an image of desolation—

"Along thy glades, a solitary guest,
The hollow-sounding bittern guards its nest."

Little charm as Lissoy has at the present moment, independent of association with Oliver Goldsmith, with him and genius it possesses one that grows upon you the more you trace the scenes made prominent in his poem, and we leave it with regret."

Amidst the sentiments scattered through this book are many in which we cannot sympathise. Some, however, are noble and beautiful—as, for example, the following, which occurs after a quotation from 'Thomson's Seasons':—"It is the grand defect of our systems of education, for rich and for poor, but pre-eminently for the former, that it is not taught that no man can live innocently who lives only for his own enjoyment; that to live merely to enjoy ourselves is the highest treason against God and man; that God does not live merely for himself, his eternal existence is one constant work of beneficence; and that it is the social duty of every rational being to live like God his Creator, for the good of others. Were this law of duty taught faithfully in all our schools, with all its responsibilities, the penalties of its neglect, the ineffable delight of its due discharge, there would be no longer seen that moral monster, the man or woman who lives alone for the mere purpose of selfish enjoyment. That host of gay and idle creatures who pass through life only to glitter in the circles of fashion; to seek admiration for personal attractions and accomplishments—for dressing, playing, dancing, or riding—whose life is but the life of a butterfly, when it should be the life of a man, would speedily disperse, and be no more seen. That life would be shrunk from as a thing odious and criminal, because useless, when faculties, wealth, and fame are put into their hands, and a world is laid before them in which men are to be saved and exalted; misery, crime, shame, despair, and death prevented; and all the hopes and capacities for good in the human soul are to be made easy to the multitude. To live for these objects is to be a hero or a heroine, and any man or woman may be that; to live through this world of opportunities given but once, and to neglect them, is the most fearful fate that can befall a creature of eternal responsibilities."

Mr Howitt indulges in some fierce outbursts against critics—he had better let these gentlemen alone. After all, a critic is but a literary man in a certain position, or undertaking a certain duty. The general inducements for his doing his duty conscientiously, and to the best of his judgment and power, are as great as these are in any other department of literature. If he fails in many instances, do not men fail in other tasks as well? Our author is often misled, too, by what appear to us as singular prejudices. For example, he rails at universal England for not endowing the descendants of Shakspeare's sister! Alas! how many duties more pressing and practical has England failed in! How vain, then, the denunciations on such a subject!

In the article on Wordsworth, Mr Howitt gives a view of that gentleman's poetry, which will startle many of his young worshippers. 'It is,' says our

author, 'simply a poetic Quakerism. He [the quaker] believes that if he "centres down," as he calls it, into his own mind, and puts to rest all his natural faculties and thoughts, he will receive the impulses and intimations of the Divine Spirit. He is not to seek, to strive, to inquire, but to be passive and receive. This is precisely the great doctrine of Wordsworth as it regards poetry. He believes the Divine Spirit which fills the universe to have so moulded all the forms of visible nature, as to make them to us perpetual monitors and instructors.' Thus in the poem, 'The Tables Turned,' this doctrine is announced. 'The poet calls his friend from his books, as full of toil and trouble, adding—

"And hark! how blithe the throats sing!
He, too, is no mean preacher:
Come forth into the light of things,
Let nature be your teacher.

She has a world of ready wealth
Our minds and hearts to bless—
Spontaneous wisdom breathed by health,
Truth breathed by cheerfulness.

One impulse from a vernal wood

May teach you more of man,

Of moral evil and of good,

Than all the sages can.

Sweet is the lore which nature brings;

Our meddling intellect

Misshapes the beauteous forms of things:

We murder to dissect.

Enough of science and of art;

Close up their barren leaves;

Come forth, and bring with you a heart

That watches and receives."

'Wordsworth tells us that to this practice of quitting men, books, and theories, and seeking communion with nature, he owes

"A gift
Of aspect most sublime: that blessed mood
In which the burden of the mystery,
In which the heavy and the weary weight
Of all this unlifelike world
Is lightened: that serene and blessed mood,
In which the affections gently lead us on,
Until the breath of this corporeal frame,
And even the motion of our human blood,
Almost suspended, we are laid asleep
In body, and become a living soul.
While with an eye made quiet by the power
Of harmony, and the deep power of joy,
We see into the life of things."

'This is perfect Quakerism; the grand demand of which is, that you shall put down "this meddling intellect, which misshapes the beauteous forms of things;" shall lay at rest the actions and motions of your own minds, and subdue the impatience of the body, till, as Wordsworth has most clearly stated it—

"The breath of this corporeal frame,
And even the motion of our human blood,
Almost suspended, we are laid asleep
In body, and become a living soul."

There is much more to this purpose—the passage is altogether a remarkable one. 'The poet and the Friends agree,' we are told, 'that there is a power seated in the human soul superior to the understanding, superior to the reasoning faculty, the sure test of truth, to which every man may confidently appeal in all cases, for it is the voice of God himself. With the poet and the Friends the result of this divine philosophy is the same—the most perfect patience, the most holy confidence in the ever-present Divinity; connected with it no forms, no creeds, no particular conditions of men; not confined by, not approachable only in temples and churches, but free as his own winds, boundless as his own seas, universal as his own sunshine over all his varied lands and people; whispering peace in the lonely forest, courage on the seas, adoration on the mountaintops, hope under the burning tropics and the blistering lash of the savage white man, joy in the dungeon, and glory on the deathbed.'

If truth is to be learnt in this way, what is the use

of the inductive philosophy? We suspect, however, that the truth of feeling, not the truth of fact, is meant by the votaries of this system, or at least that beyond that point it is but a dream.

WAITING FOR A COMMISSION.

BY AN IRISHMAN.

IDLENESS, they say, is the parent of all evil. If the proverb be a true one—and few, I think, will be disposed to doubt it—there is then a sufficient reason why this green isle of ours should be one of the most vicious countries in the world; for certainly in no other under the sun are so many genuine idlers to be found, young men especially. Living on their 'expectancies,' they go on from day to day—from boyhood to youth, and from youth to manhood—existing, nobody knows how, and looking forward to, nobody can tell what. In other lands, parents educate and bring up their children with some definite pursuit in view. Here, it is different. Fathers and mothers trust to chance, as though it were the surest possible source of provision for their families. One man depends upon his own interest, another upon that of his wife. One has a twenty-first cousin deputy something or other in a government office. A second is connected by marriage with a lord (people in Ireland think a lord can do anything and everything). A third was a schoolfellow of the lord chancellor, or a college companion of the attorney-general. A fourth served in the militia. A fifth gave the casting vote at a contested election: and the great-grandfather of a sixth did something wonderful a hundred years ago.

Thus each and all have, or imagine they have, a certainty of one at least of their offspring being provided for; and thus they bring them up in idleness, having given them an education, to get on hereafter as they best may—upon their 'expectations.' The consequence is, that idlers are to be found wherever you go. There is no circle without them—no family, from the peasant's to the peer's, but can reckon one or more of them amongst its members or connexions.

These idlers are of various grades, according to their different degrees of respectability, or perhaps I should rather say according to the rank of life in which each is born and moves. Some look forward to one thing, some to another. There is no situation in the empire, from the treasury to a tide-waitership, but has at least a hundred pair of expectant eyes watching eagerly for a vacancy. The grand object, however, is a commission in the army—that is the great end and object of an Irishman's ambition. It is really astonishing how numerous are these would-be heroes; and I verily believe that if but one-half the youth of Ireland who are at this moment wasting their time and talents in the unprofitable pursuit of 'waiting for commissions,' were at once to obtain the thing they seek, an army would be created, of officers alone, sufficient to carry conquest throughout the world. I know not whether it be owing to the martial spirit of her sons, or the degree of admiration bestowed upon red-coats by her daughters, but it is an undeniable fact, that the thing I speak of is a perfect passion in Ireland, and that, let the cause be what it may, at least a moiety of our 'respectable' young men set the first wishes of their hearts upon entering the army.

You go to a dinner-party or a ball, and meet a good-looking, well-dressed, gentlemanly fellow, who knows everybody, and is up to everything in the ring. From the turf to the drawing-room, from the kennel to the library, his conversation ranges. With the details and material

of each and all you find him intimately acquainted—nothing is too grave, nothing too gay for him—he is never for a single moment at a loss. You wonder who this 'Admirable Crichton' may be, or what his calling, and you ask the question. In ninety cases of every hundred you are told—'A highly respectable young man—waiting for a commission!'

Well, you turn from him to your neighbour on the left—a pale, delicate-looking student, who has evidently 'wasted the midnight oil' to some purpose. He discourses eloquently upon the beauties of the classic poets, has been a successful digger amongst Greek roots, and written the last prize essay. Your admiration has a shade of pity as you look at his attenuated form, and listen to his short dry cough. Who, and what is he? An embryo lord chancellor perhaps? or at all events a deep-reading college man, looking forward to the honours of a senior fellowship? By no means—you are quite mistaken. Despite his weakly frame and consumptive look, 'his voice is still for war;' he is—'waiting for a commission!'

Slightly disappointed, you leave the dinner-table, and betake yourself to the drawing-room. Seated upon a sofa, in an attitude of studied gracefulness, is a middle-aged gentleman, dressed in the pink of fashion, and who is reputed the best waltzer in the county. At present he is delighting a bevy of young ladies with his chat. Surely he is a nobleman, or great landed proprietor at the least? Quite a mistake; you don't know Ireland! He is a younger son, who never did anything useful all his life; he lives with his brother, and is in debt to everybody. For twenty years he has been—'waiting for a commission!'

You go to the theatre with a friend, and he introduces you to a talented-looking personage, with a broad forehead and a bright eye, who dilates with all the critic's art upon the play and the performers, and who, if your taste happen to lie in that direction, quite fascinates you by the happiness of his illustrations and the classic purity of his ideas. You wonder who the gifted one can be—whether a distinguished reviewer, a dramatist, or something still higher in the literary world; and on your way home you make the inquiry of your friend. The answer is given, and astounds you—'A fellow with capital interest—"waiting for a commission!"'

And so on to the end of the chapter. You can go into no society without meeting at least one specimen of the class; and I defy any one who has lived amongst Irishmen to say that he is not acquainted with a score of expectant youths—'waiting for commissions!'

This same fatal passion of *waiting*—of forsaking the substance for the shadow, and pursuing an *ignis fatuus* instead of keeping the eye fixed upon a steady beacon-light—has been the ruin of many a fine, gifted youth, and has left many a broken-hearted man, who might else have been an honour to his name and country, to spend the remnant of his life in vain repinings for his mispent youth, and to weep, when regret is useless, for opportunities neglected, and talents misapplied.

It is hard, certainly, to put gray heads upon young shoulders, or to persuade light-hearted, unthinking youth to reap wisdom from the counsels and experience of those more advanced in years; but, even making full allowance for this, is it not a pitiable thing that, for generation after generation, and utterly disregarding the thousands and tens of thousands of examples proving the fatal folly of such a course, young men *will* go on pursuing the same misleading path with a degree of obstinacy and moral blindness which seems incomprehensible?

'Waiting for commissions,' and for many other things, has left Irishmen as they are. Procrastination, the

proverb says, is the thief of time—it might be added, and the curse of Ireland. Putting off until to-morrow that which might be done to-day, and seldom looking forward to the day after, we go on 'waiting'—always 'waiting,' and never 'doing'—in the hope that 'something may turn up' for us in the long-run; and so we get through life. Those amongst us who are not commission-seekers, are seekers for something else; but in all cases, at least in all cases where 'expectations' are indulged in, the *spirit* is the same. And a paltry, pitiful spirit it is, even make the best we can of it. The true manly spirit is one of self-dependence—no trusting to patronage, no cringing for favours, no servile bending of the knee to sue to a 'dog in office' for a boon; but a strong and honest determination to push on our fortunes with our own talents and our own hands, and bravely to fight our own battle with the world 'without fear and without reproach.' This is the spirit which has led our best and bravest to their fame, and which is still ready to lead others, if they would but follow it.

It is not by 'waiting' that fortune can be wooed or distinction won. It is not by lingering on from day to day, and from year to year, enduring the corroding miseries of that 'hope deferred which maketh the heart sick,' and wasting our prime of life in grasping at a phantom, until hope itself at last deserts us, and leaves us, in the bitterness of our ruined prospects, to lament the evil fortune which, by an effort, we might have changed to good. We must lay our shoulders to the wheel, and *work*. 'Up and be doing!' should be our motto, in whatever rank of life our lot is cast.

If expectations from the army are usually visionary, those from the civil service are no better. Even if successful, what has the employé but a clerkship in a government office, at a salary of eighty pounds per annum, or an appointment in some of the colonies, where, if he escape cholera and yellow fever, he is sure of a life of healthless discomfort? If less fortunate in drawing a prize, perhaps the youth is made an excise officer or a tide-waiter. Trust me, my young friends and fellow-countrymen, that until you get out of this habit of 'waiting,' Ireland will never be as she ought to be, nor her sons what they might be. You have energy enough, if properly applied—you have talents second to the children of no other land on earth—you have bold hearts and ready hands, if you would but use them. Why, then, should you waste your youth, your best gifts, and oftentimes your happiness itself, in 'waiting' for paltry chances, when you have within your own grasp the power to *command* the bright reality?

Many fields are open to you where your energies would have fair-play. You may be told that every profession is overstocked. Believe it not; you have the same prospect of pushing your way to fame as any of your neighbours. 'The will to do, the soul to dare,' are all that is required. Patience, perseverance, and determination, can achieve everything. Instead of 'waiting'—*act*. If circumstances are against your entering one of the professions, then take a *trade*. Let no false pride deter you. Set at nought the sneers of those who tell you it is not 'respectable;' a man by his own conduct can make *any* situation respectable: bread earned in honesty is earned in honour; and he who labours for his daily food, preserving his integrity the while, has a better right to hold his head erect among his fellow-men—*ay*, a far better right—than the proudest in the land who lead a life of indolence and sloth. Whatever your rank in life may be, make choice of your path accordingly; but 'wait' for nothing and for nobody. Rely upon yourself, and upon yourself only. Have the means of existence in your own hands—go to work with head and heart; and depend upon it, that however adverse circumstances may depress you for a time, you will surely in the end come off a conqueror.

Look around you at the 'waiters.' What is most commonly their lot? After lingering on from day to day and year to year 'expecting,' recklessly squandering the best gifts that Heaven can bestow on man, and

living the while nobody can tell how, they end an inglorious career of idleness, uncared for by a world to which, from their infancy upwards, they have been only an incumbrance.*

VITAL STATISTICS OF EDINBURGH.

IN our populous cities as now constituted, in order that the community at large may enjoy anything like an average lease of healthy existence, life must be to a certain degree an art. When human beings live scattered over the country, fresh air, ventilation, and out-of-door exercises come as matters of course, with many other natural advantages; but when they are huddled together in narrow, close, and dark streets and alleys—when their labours confine them to ill-aired apartments, and expose them to noxious fumes and vapours, the case is then very much altered, and the essential requisites of a healthy existence must then be sought for and procured by scientific foresight. Nothing perhaps will tend more to impress these truths on the public than accurate statistical details. Until of late years, however, these have not been very available for this purpose; but now that the subject has been taken up by government, the English bills of mortality have thrown much light on the sanitary state of the country. An interesting report, by Dr Stark of Edinburgh,† enables us to draw a comparison between the vital statistics of the two portions of the kingdom north and south of the Tweed, while at the same time the report affords some highly important facts bearing on the subject of the health of large towns in general.

The city of Edinburgh as its situation presents many local advantages. It is built on three hills or elevated ridges, and is thus exposed to complete ventilation even by the slightest breeze that blows; the sloping nature of the ground on all sides permits of ready drainage; and its proximity to the sea insures a generally mild and soft air. It has comparatively few manufactories, and thus its atmosphere is less clouded or vitiated with smoky vapours than many of the manufacturing towns of the empire. However low its former fame for cleanliness, it now possesses an excellent police, who keep its streets in a cleanly condition. The houses and general accommodation of the higher and middle classes are of the best description, though those of the lower, and especially of the very lowest, are far from being so, and are often of the most wretched kind. The supply of water, though at one time plentiful, is not now adequate to the increased extent of the city, and is especially deficient as regards the lower classes, and the healthy abluion of the narrower streets and alleys.

The population of Edinburgh, which at the commencement of the present century was computed at sixty-nine thousand, had in thirty years doubled, being, according to the census of 1831, one hundred and thirty-nine thousand; for the next ten years the increase was so exceedingly small, as to be in 1841 only one hundred and forty thousand, or nearly stationary. The great increase of population between the years 1800 and 1831 is to be accounted for from the immigration of strangers from other parts, and particularly to the great influx of the lower Irish. The presence of these latter has to a considerable degree influenced the habits of the lower population, and affected the general vital statistics of the community.

One obvious means of ascertaining the comparative salubrity of a town or district, is to take the number of persons living in it who have attained the age of sixty years and upwards. On consulting the returns, we

accordingly find that, taking the whole of England and Wales, there are in every thousand living persons 71 who are upwards of sixty. In Scotland there are 69, in Bristol 69, in Edinburgh county 63, in the city 63, whereas in London there are 60, in Birmingham 50, in Manchester 47, in Glasgow 42, and in Liverpool 30. In all manufacturing towns there exists a greater proportion of children and of adults than in a non-manufacturing town—of children, because the parties marry early; of adults, because the neighbouring rural districts are partially drained to supply the demand for labourers; and in an increasing population there is frequently an excess of persons between the ages of fifteen and sixty. As a general rule, rural districts exhibit the largest proportion of children and the greatest proportion of aged, because the causes of mortality among children are less than in towns: more children are therefore reared, and more attain an advanced age.

But a more accurate plan of ascertaining from population returns alone the comparative healthiness of a town or country, is to strike off altogether from the existing population the children below fifteen years, and ascertain the proportions which those above sixty bear to the whole population above fifteen years of age. When this is done, we find that in every thousand of the population above fifteen, there are in England and Wales 122 above sixty, in Scotland 116, in Bristol 90, in Edinburgh county 95, in the city 92, in London 87, in Birmingham 78, in Manchester 72, in Glasgow 62, in Liverpool 61. It thus appears that in these returns Edinburgh holds a very favourable position, being more highly favoured than any town of equal size in England. Dr Stark next shows from an elaborate table the average annual mortality of the city of Edinburgh for a series of years. From this table it appears that from the year 1780 to 1789, 1 person died annually out of every 34 living; from 1790 to 1799, 1 died annually out of every 36 living; from 1800 to 1809, there died annually 1 out of every 39 inhabitants; and from 1810 to 1819, only 1 out of every 40 living. The next decennial period, from 1820 to 1829, shows, however, a retrograde movement, the mortality increasing to 1 out of every 38 inhabitants annually; while the next ten years exhibit a mortality of 1 in every 34 living. The progressive elongation of life during the earliest of the above periods may be attributed to the great improvements of the extending city, and other advances of civilisation. Dr Stark is inclined to attribute the subsequent retrogression to the immigration of great numbers of Irish labourers about the year 1819, and the consequent deterioration of the lowest class of labourers generally. During the period between 1830 and 1840, the mortality was increased by 1500 annually, in consequence of the prevalence for some time of Asiatic cholera, influenza, and other epidemics.

Another very important circumstance in the comparative healthiness of different localities, is that regarding the number of young people, from one to fifteen years, found existing in each. Thus we shall find that out of 1000 persons who die in Edinburgh, there are under fifteen years of age 413; in London, under the same circumstances, there are 471; in all England and Wales, 473; in Bristol, 474; in Birmingham, 546; in Glasgow, 564; in Manchester, 564; in Liverpool, 583. These facts exhibit in a striking light the superior salubrity of Edinburgh as a place of residence for children, seeing that at all ages under fifteen the proportion of deaths is much less than in any other of the places mentioned, even exceeding that of England and Wales, which of course includes the country districts, in which the mortality among children is always much less than in towns. If, on the other hand, we take the comparative proportion of aged, or those who die above sixty years in every 1000 deaths in a population, we shall find that in London, out of every 1000 deaths, there are 206 of them above sixty; in Edinburgh, 204; in Bristol, 198; Birmingham, 159; Manchester, 130; Glasgow, 129; Liverpool, 112. From these facts, the ge-

* The above article is, as it purports to be, written by a native of Ireland, who has given some consideration to the social features of his country. Although not mentioning what we consider to be the root of Irish idleness—the unhappy codding by England, scarcely avoidable in the existing connexion of the two countries—he says enough to corroborate the view lately adopted by us respecting Irish affairs.—Ed. C. E. J.

† Edinburgh Medical Journal, January 1847.

neral proposition may be deduced, that, other things being equal, the less the proportion of deaths among children under fifteen, and the greater the proportion of deaths above sixty, the greater will be the healthiness of the situation. With regard to the adult population, Dr Stark thus remarks—'As deaths among children are proportionally much fewer in Edinburgh than among the other towns, we ought to find a proportionally greater number of deaths among adults. This may to many seem a paradoxical conclusion, but the slightest reflection must satisfy every one that such ought to be the case. As a third more children, in proportion to the living, survive the age of fifteen years in Edinburgh than in Glasgow, and one-half more survive that age than in Liverpool, it follows, as a natural consequence, that there are just so many more in Edinburgh who must die at some period of life after their fifteenth year. Now, this is what actually occurs; for we find that of those between the ages of fifteen and sixty, London loses 1 annually out of every 80 living; Birmingham, 1 out of 75; Glasgow, 1 out of 71; Edinburgh, 1 out of 65; Liverpool, 1 out of every 61.' Under these circumstances, it becomes a matter of great importance to ascertain whether the increased mortality affects all classes alike, or is limited to the lowest class of the inhabitants. We accordingly find that, in the case of children under one year, the highest class in Edinburgh loses 72 out of every 1000 deaths in that class. The merchant class at the rate of 127 out of the 1000 deaths; while the artisan and labouring classes lose 241 out of every 1000 deaths at all ages. That is to say, that the merchant class loses annually very nearly double the proportion of children under one year which the gentry and professional class lose; while the artisan and labouring class lose annually four times the proportion of children under one year lost by the first class, and double that lost by the merchant class. When the total deaths under fifteen years are reckoned, it is seen that the highest class out of every 1000 deaths lose 204; the second class, 326; and the lowest class, 483. Thus it is apparent that, while among the first class there dies less than half the proportion of children under fifteen years, as compared with the deaths among the third class, these deaths are more equally distributed over the fifteen years of life, and do not cluster around the first year of existence as they do in the lowest class. And this is just what might be expected. Of the lowest classes, the strong alone survive the first year or years of existence; all the delicate are cut off, so that in consequence of this, and of there being fewer left alive, the proportional number of deaths diminishes as life advances. Of the highest class, again, so many more are reared—so many delicate children get over the first year of life, that more are spared to die at a more advanced period of existence. As the natural consequence of this increased mortality of the lowest classes during childhood, they show a less proportional mortality during the adult period; and thus arises the fact already alluded to, that in Edinburgh and some other towns the mortality of the adult population appears greater than in towns and localities less healthy.

Another view of the relative mortality of the different ranks of life may be taken by a table of deaths above fifteen years of age. Thus, of 1000 of the first class above fifteen years of age, 481 die between the ages of fifteen and sixty, leaving 519 to be cut off at an advanced period of life. Of 1000 of the second class above fifteen years of age, 594 die between the ages of fifteen and sixty, leaving 406 to die at a more ripe age. Of 1000 of the third class, however, above fifteen years of age, no fewer than 606 die between the ages of fifteen and sixty, leaving only 394 to die at periods above sixty years of age. The mean age at death of the different classes is thus stated—First class, 47·22 years; second class, 36·58 years; third class, 25·88 years.

How heavily does mortality bear upon the lowest classes here! Yet, compared to other places, even here

Edinburgh has the advantage. In London, the mean age at death among the operative class is twenty-two years; in Edinburgh, even including the paupers, it is nearly twenty-six years. In London, the mean age at death of the highest class is forty-four years; in Edinburgh, it is forty-seven. Strange enough, however, it is from the poorest class that we can select the cases of extremest age. Thus, of the first class, though 99 out of the 1000 survive their eightieth year, all have died by the time the hundredth year is attained. Though only 59 of the second class survive their eightieth year, 1 of them survives the hundredth year of existence; while in the third class, though only 26 live beyond their eightieth year, 2 are still living above one hundred years. In Edinburgh, as we believe is the case all the world over, the married, both males and females, enjoy longer life than the single. Thus the mean age at death of the married females is fifty-seven years, of the single forty-two years; showing a difference in favour of the married females to the extent of fifteen years: the difference in regard to males is even eighteen years!

Of the physical causes which appear to weigh so heavily against the poorer classes, the following are the most obvious:—Accumulations of filth within and around their dwellings; want of drainage or sewerage, or, where sewers are present, their unwholesome state, from the presence of fetid black mud closing up the sewers and cesspool; closeness and want of proper ventilation within the houses; crowding of families into the same confined chambers; want of proper supply of water; prevailing habits of intemperance, mainly produced and kept up by the want of all comforts at home; retaining the corpses of the dead in the apartment occupied by the living.

Of the effect of ill-constructed drains and sewers in individual houses on the health of the inmates, Dr Stark gives several very striking examples which occurred in the middle ranks of life, and he strongly recommends a more improved system of domestic sewerage.

With these abatement, which are in general common, in a greater or less degree, to all our large towns, Edinburgh appears, on the whole, to stand at the head of the cities and towns of the kingdom in respect to salubrity. In particular, it seems especially favourable to the health of the young; and this is a matter of the greatest importance, considering that it is a chief seat of education, where the young of both sexes, and from all parts of the country, resort for mental training. With all its advantages, however, the above statements show how very much the health and longevity of the mass of the people depend on the state of the streets and houses, and all those arrangements which come under the denomination of general police, and how much yet remains of judicious reform in this department to render the poorer classes as comfortable as they ought to be.

PARTNERS FOR LIFE.

BY CAMILLA TOULMIN.*

THE age of guinea annuals is at its close; and these expensive toys, with their steel engravings and sumptuous covers of leather, silk, or velvet, are almost entirely superseded by five-shilling volumes, bound in cloth, and illustrated by woodcuts. This is in some sense matter of gratulation; but not because the one book is, economically speaking, cheaper than the other—for the very reverse is the case. The guinea annual was a most daring speculation. The letter-press did not cost less than from L.200 to L.250; the eighteen or twenty drawings averaged perhaps L.15 each, and the good engravings perhaps L.30 each; while the binding alone absorbed a very considerable portion of the selling price. For one engraving in the 'Souvenir,' Mr Alaric Watts paid L.150; and in addition to all ordinary costs, Mr Charles Heath defrayed liberally the travelling

* With illustrations by John Absolon. Orr: London.

expenses in foreign countries both of author and artist. Employed by this gentleman for the purpose of getting up the letter-press and illustrations of one of those volumes, Mr Leitch Ritchie and the late Mr Vickers spent several months in travelling in Russia, extending their wanderings beyond Moscow. The guinea annals, therefore, were, and such of them as still survive are, cheaper in proportion to their cost than the five-shilling annals, while they have the further merit of improving the taste of the upper classes in point of art. They are now, however, 'dreeing their weird' just like other books. Fewer people can afford a guinea, and more people a crown, than formerly; and so Mr Dickens, Mrs Gore, Miss Toulmin, and various others, have started up, in the inevitable nature of things, to shove their predecessors from their stools.

We do not put forward Miss Toulmin's volume as the five-shilling volume of the year. It has its own merits and defects like the rest, although, in pure and high feeling, and thorough home-heartedness, it can have no superior; but we know our readers will look upon it with peculiar interest, as the production of one from whom they have so frequently received, in our own columns, both amusement and instruction. 'Partners for Life' is a story of the home affections, quiet—perhaps too quiet at first—and yet full of interest as it advances. It has no clap-trap, no startling effects, no pitfalls for the feelings; but here and there, notwithstanding, the eyes moisten without our being aware of it. We shall not be so rapacious as to appropriate the story of so small a book; but the following will serve as a specimen of the style and manner. It gives a lady author's notion—and, in our opinion, a very just one—touching the accordance of ages in love.

"I had hoped never to marry!" said Reginald mournfully. "Hoped never to marry! What an odd speech! Never is such a solemn word! Surely you don't wish to be a melancholy, miserable old bachelor?"

"I am not sure that I wish to live to be old," replied Reginald with bitterness.

"Hush!—for shame! Life, depend upon it, has sweets at every period," said Carlton; "and for my own part, I have a great notion that old age is a very pleasant time—like the evening of the four-and-twenty hours, a sort of dressing-down and slipper period. But then of course I mean a proper, respectable, comfortable old age, in which a wife—perhaps twenty years one's junior—plays rather a distinguished part."

"Then you don't approve of early marriages?" exclaimed Reginald, pursuing the theme, which seemed to have touched, perhaps jarred, upon some heart-chord.

"It is a pity for a man to marry while his liberty is pleasant—that is what I mean."

"And does it never occur to you as an audacious thing," replied Reginald with emphasis, "for a man, wearied as you would say with his liberty, but in reality surfeited with the pleasures which wear out, though they do not satisfy, the heart—is it not an audacious thing for such a one to dare to seek the affections, and ask the hand, of a young, inexperienced creature, with the bloom of her heart unruined—to whom he cannot offer sympathy in return for her love, any more than a withered branch can send back vigorous sap to its blooming neighbour: and since he cannot reflect back the glorious hopes of youth, if there is to be heart-union at all, he must drag her mind through the mire of his own experiences, until he teach her to sympathise with him, pluck from her at once the very flower of youth, instead of suffering it to fall away, leaf by leaf, little missed or regarded: rob her—"

"You're in love!" interrupted Arthur Carlton, pushing back his chair, and half starting from it. "Reginald Hamilton, you are in love!—and, puppy as perhaps you think me, I can respect, wonder at, almost admire deep feelings, though such I may never experience."

With this specimen we commend the book to the favourable consideration of 'the gentle and the good.'

RIPE BREAD.

Bread made of wheat flour, when taken out of the oven, is unprepared for the stomach. It should go through a change, or ripen, before it is eaten. Young persons, or persons in the enjoyment of vigorous health, may eat bread immediately after being baked without any sensible injury from it; but weakly and aged persons cannot; and none can eat such without doing harm to the digestive organs. Bread, after being baked, goes through a change similar to the change in newly-brewed beer, or newly-churned butter, milk, neither being healthy until after the change. During the change in bread, it sends off a large portion of carbon or unhealthy gas, and imbibes a large portion of oxygen or healthy gas. Bread has, according to the computation of physicians, one-fifth more nutriment in it when ripe than when just out of the oven. It not only has more nutriment, but imparts a much greater degree of cheerfulness. He that eats old ripe bread will have a much greater flow of animal spirits than he would were he to eat unripe bread. Bread, as before observed, discharges carbon and imbibes oxygen. One thing in connection with this thought should be particularly noticed by all housewives. It is, to let the bread ripen where it can inhale the oxygen in a pure state. Bread will always taste of the air that surrounds it while ripening; hence it should ripen when the air is pure. It should never ripen in a cellar, nor in a close cupboard, nor in a bedroom. The noxious vapours of a cellar or a cupboard never should enter into and form a part of the bread we eat. Bread should be light, well-baked, and properly ripened before it should be eaten. Bread that is several days old may be renewed so as to have all the freshness and lightness of new bread, by simply putting it into a common steamer over the fire, and steaming it half or three-quarters of an hour. The vessel under the steamer containing the water should not be more than half full, otherwise the water may boil up into the steamer, and wet the bread. After the bread is thus steamed, it should be taken out of the steamer, and wrapped loosely in a cloth, to dry and cool, and remain so a short time, when it will be ready to be cut and used. It will then be like cold new bread.—*American Farmer.*

LITERARY CULTURE NEEDFUL TO THE WORKING MAN.

Let the working man have what aids him in his vocation by all means, but let him also have what diverts his mind from his toils, and raises it above them. Let his understanding be cultivated, but also his taste, his sentiments, and his language. But is there not culture for the understanding too, in following with interest a critical delineation of an author's characteristics, a sharp definition of that in which two great readers are unlike; in judging on the specimens offered how far the lecturer is justified in his conclusions? It will by and by be more generally known that man's utterances may be as profitably studied as his machinery; nay, even that a Shakespeare or a Dante may be as wonderful a relic of ages as a mastodon or an ichthyosaurus. Again, not a few of the evils of our social condition arise from our great classes not understanding one another. Between the race that is educated by ease, by abundance, by books, and pictures, and operas, by mental labour, if by any, and the race that is educated by manual labour, by anxieties about having 'leave to work,' by practical familiarity with the utilitarian properties of things—a great gulf is fixed. Each is a barbarian unto the other. Their thoughts and feelings, their likings, their very words, are unlike. We must understand one another, we must confer on the common ground of common interest, we must learn to see through one medium, or we perish as a nation. One of the great mediators between us is literature. Let Shakespeare, Milton, Scott, Wordsworth, intercede between the hosts; give us truly one mind and one speech, and what remains will be settled at least with a mutual intelligence; and this worst alien act, the want of a universal participation in the grandest of all national literatures, will be done away.—*Rev. J. A. Scott at the annual meeting of the Woodwick Mechanics' Institution.*

Published by W. & R. CHAMBERS, High Street, Edinburgh. Also sold by D. CHAMBERS, 90 Miller Street, Glasgow; W. S. ORR, 147 Strand, and Amen Corner, London; and J. M'GLASHAN, 21 O'Neil Street, Dublin.—Printed by W. and R. CHAMBERS, Edinburgh.